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to this, it is not certain that Aretino's immorality was open, or that his social hours were polluted by vulgar profligacy. He may have been one of those characters deeply depraved, yet capable of every pure and lovely feeling, and who, when in close companionship with noble and virtuous friends, yield to good impulses, all the better qualities of their natures being stirred by sympathy. He certainly had humor, wit, a brilliant fancy, a cultivated taste, and a turn for lively and satiric conversation; these, joined with a pleasing person, an agreeable voice, a cordial, friendly address, and an ardent admiration for Titian, would surely make a very acceptable cronny for a great painter, who himself was no saint, and some of whose pictures indicate no especial aversion to those indulgences over which Bacchus and Venus preside. The affection and admiration which Titian felt for Aretino, may be gathered from the following letter from the poet on receiving from Titian a present of a picture:—

TO TITIAN.

Of that most excellent picture of Christ, so much alive and true to Nature, which you carried to the emperor, you have this morning, being my birthday, sent me a copy, the most precious gift you ever bestowed as a memorial on those you hold highest in your favor. The crown is really of thorns, and the blood that is shed from the piercing of the points of it, really blood; nor could the scourge itself inflame or make the flesh appear more swollen and livid than your pencil has done in this representation of this divine, immortal, and holy subject. The restrained agony in the figure of Jesus, then the arm bound with cords, which confine the hands; must move with compassion whose ever beholds it, and is a Christian. One learns to be humbled in contemplating the extremity of wretchedness indicated by the reed held in the left hand: nor can any one dare to feel the smallest degree of hatred or rancor who surveys the tranquil grace which is shown in the countenance and pervades the whole figure, so that the place wherein it rests is no longer a worldly or a stately chamber, but is converted into a Holy Temple, sacred to God. I am at my organs, to convert luxury and pleasure into honesty and truth; and I return you my thanks for this great proof of your kindness and your skill.

PIETRO ARETINO.

Venice, Jan. 7, 1548.

Sacred history, classic fable, landscape and portrait, were all practised by Titian with wonderful success. His portraits are truthful in all respects. In style and drawing they are large and simple—in color, rich with sobriety, dignified in bearing, and in expression quiet and serious, with a kind of calm penetration which haunts you round the room. He gave the true tint of flesh, and the exact individual complexion, no two being alike; and the effect is forcible and vivid, though not staring, but like reality seen through a sober-colored glass. An instance of his truthful expression of a bad character occurs in the portrait of Pope Paul III., where the figure is stamped with meanness and infirmity, while the eyes glitter with keenest intelligence. He invests his portraits with an air of thoughtful repose. Action is seldom attempted, but there is a calm, searching look of the eyes, as though they were reading your thoughts, penetrating your very soul. There are few portraits of ladies by him,

but these are of transcendent beauty as it regards color. The "Bella" at Florence looks quietly and modestly out, without airs of affectation or toss of the head, but gentle and lady-like, with "sweet sobriety" about the mouth and eye which wins and holds you. The grand senatorial dignity which many of his men have, was the true air of Venetian high-breeding; they were rich, cultivated gentlemen; proud, at ease, and self-confident; in Titian's canvases they are reflected truly with an infusion of the painter's own manly and earnest spirit. Of his sacred compositions, the "Peter Martyr" was one of the earliest, and gave him a great reputation. There is in it the greatest richness and force of coloring, subdued to a deep tone of solemnity, which is finely in keeping with the subject. The whole treatment is grand and energetic, and the violence of the action, the hurry, fear, and trepidation, are drawn with a fiery pencil, yet without loss of dignity. A good idea of the delight produced by this work on its first appearance, may be had from a letter written at the time by Aretino to Tribolo, the sculptor, in which he says:—

"The miraculous effects of your industry have been also recounted to me by the author of that 'Saint Peter Martyr,' which converted you and Benvenuto into statues of astonishment when you first beheld it. Your eyes were dazzled, and your intellects confounded, in looking at that work, which displays at once all the terrors of death, and all the real sorrows of life, in the countenance and person of him who has fallen on the ground. You were struck with wonder at the exact imitation, at the cold and livid hues which appear on the point of the nose, and at the extremities of the body; and you could not refrain from expressing your admiration aloud, when contemplating the figure of the dying man's companion, who presents in his whole appearance the agonies of cowardice and the paleness of fear. Truly, you pronounced a very just sentence on the merits of this grand picture, when you said to me that there was nothing in Italy that was finer. What can be more beautiful than the wonderful group of cherubs in the air, and the wind, which seems as if it were rooting up the trees, and throwing about branches and leaves in every direction? What a landscape is displayed in all the simplicity of Nature! What beautiful rocks, clothed with grass, and bathed in the waters flowing from their springs! These are the wonders produced by the divine Titian, whose benign modesty salutes you most warmly, who offers himself and all he possesses to you, meaning that the love and affection he bears your fame are unequalled."

Of the later works of Titian—his theories and processes—which deserve separate consideration—something will be said in a future paper.

THE PEARL-FISHER.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF OTTO ROQUETTE).

Oh! I wouldn't thou delve, my lady,
Within my depths of eye—
To see if there be hidden
Some pearl of rarest dye?

Oh! I seek it there, my lady,
And thou shalt find the best,
Thy image there reflected,
A gem worth all the rest.

WANDERINGS IN THE SOUTHWEST.

SECOND SERIES.

NO. III.

CAPE LANCASTER, TEXAS, Nov., 1855.

On the morning of the 12th of October, I found Captain Carpenter had made arrangements to go with a small party to the head of Live Oak Creek, which he did not reach in the previous effort, and I volunteered to accompany him, provided I could find a horse worthy his rider. Mr. Savier, the sutler, had a fine pony, almost an exact counterpart to my lost Pelicano of pleasant memory, without his fear of firearms. "Pompey's nerves are as solid as iron," Savier assured me, and his saddle was of the best Texan manufacture, and nearly new. It was charming to be so well mounted, and I hurried up to join the Captain. With us were Beardall, Dennen, McCulloch, and a teamster driving a six-mule team, to bring the poles that were to be cut. The Captain rode his favorite old blood-horse, "Driver," and was accompanied by his two dogs. His "six-shooter" hung at the horn of the saddle, and across the saddle in front of him he carried his shot-gun. Over one shoulder hung his powder-flask, and at the other his shot-belt; an ivory whistle, fashioned after a dog's head, was suspended at a button-hole of his hunting-jacket. Beardall was armed simply with a rifle, and rode a bare-boned, black pony, in which everything seemed wanting but the essential go. Dennen rode a horse also, and was armed with a double-barreled gun, and into his pocket he had slipped a few musket-cartridges, each containing an ounce ball, and four buck-shot. McCulloch had his musket and cartridge-box, and rode with the teamster, who was unarmed. The distance to the source of the creek was not more than seven miles for mounted men, and a mile further for the team, but we were all to meet at the crossing of the creek, three miles distant, from which point there was no road. We four who were mounted rode up the valley on the south side of the creek. The Captain and Dennen kept close up under the hill, on a military reconnaissance. Beardall skirted the creek, in hopes of falling in with game, while I held on *in medias res*, ready for anything that might turn up, with a shot-gun and No. 6 shot, the best I had since Quail ran off with the larger size. My attention is arrested by a pile of small stones to the amount of several tons, resembling that which is broken up for macadamizing a road. Was it the grave of an Indian? I could not tell. I would have explored it, but it was the work of several men for half a day, and I rode on. When I joined Beardall I mentioned it, and he told me he had seen similar ones, but did not believe they were graves, as there were some undoubted graves near where we were going, and they were very unlike these. We hunted along the creek for ducks, and never before did we look so far in vain. Crossing the creek where the El Paso road crosses it, we all met on the north side, and continued on, keeping close to the creek, where a belt of coarse grass intervened between it and the chaparral, in order to avoid the thorns of the latter, no less than the ravines that intersected the plains. The creek is

almost concealed by the growth of small trees and grape vines, whose leaves, already fallen, rustled under our horses' feet. We cross a deep ravine, where the bank of the creek is high and free from thickets, and a sand-bar makes out from the ravine, meeting the bare rock on the other side, and over which the creek glides with little noise. A chaparral cock (*Geococcyx mexicanus*), the first I have seen since I left Fort Clark, ran across, and disappeared on the other side. On each side of the valley, opposite to each other, and a mile asunder, are two natural curiosities, which I noticed when I first descended the creek, as they are distinguishable at a great distance. Were we not in a region where castle-crowned hills were always in sight, one would pronounce these two to be artificial works. They are completely isolated, and their tops apparently inaccessible without ladders, rounded, and one third way down the escarpment; that on the north side has another circular wall, as an outwork; that on the south has four disconnected outworks, forming a square around the hill, flanking each other, and commanded by the castle above them. As *lusi natura*, they are wonderful. Having reached the grove, which is ten or more acres in extent, the team was left outside, while the Captain, with three men, proceeded to open a way through the dense weeds and undergrowth that rendered the thicket impenetrable to the eye. The creek intervened, and was nearly obscured by the rank growth of weeds and flags—from which a flock of turkeys took wing and flew around the mott. I continued on alone, along the little chain of ponds which formed the sources or springs of the creek; until there appeared only a dry arroyo, and a treeless valley, stretching away to the northwest, until it was lost in the haze of the distance. I returned to rejoin the party whom I found hard at work in the heart of the mott, cutting trees. The live oaks were too crooked to serve their purpose, but some hackberry and gum-trees furnished poles comparatively straight for the distance of thirty feet. Leaving the four men at work, the Captain and myself passed out on the other side of the grove, with the intention of going to another and smaller mott of trees, half a mile further up, and to the right of the arroyo, where the turkeys were supposed to have fled. I stopped to examine a shrub which bore a strong resemblance to the apple-tree; the leaves were all fallen from it, and I could not be certain, but I believe it to belong to that genus. As I remounted, the Captain was just disappearing around the edge of the wood. The grass was very long and coarse, such as is used for thatching, and patches of dead weeds almost buried my horse. I found Driver tied in a little opening on the left of the grove, and there I tied Pompey, well concealed, and plunged into the thicket, as I heard the report of the Captain's gun, to get my chance at the game. This grove was entirely of small live oaks, with much undergrowth. There was an abundance of turkey signs in the deepest shade, where the ground was bare; they had nestled in the dirt during the heat of the day, digesting their morning's feast of acorns, and filling their feathers with dust. I proceeded cautiously, expecting each moment to get sight of a file of red-heads stealing through the bushes, (for even when full-grown, the wild turkeys follow

their parents in Indian file) until I had traversed the thicket. The Captain was not there. Where could he be, and what meant the report of a gun? At the edge of the wood, opposite that at which we had entered, I was startled by the sight of a trail of four or five horses. No party from our camp had ever been here, and white men from any other quarter were still less likely to have been. They entered from above. I inspected the trail closely; it could not have been more than two days old, for the tracks were sharp, though dry to dustiness. It could not have been made by wild horses, or strayed ones, for such avoid thickets, and the tracks were so deep as to make it certain that they had riders; besides, I noticed that it did not pass under the branches, but around them. The Indian horses are unshod, or only with raw hide when necessary; only one of these was shod, and he must have been recently stolen. What had these tracks to do with the shot I had heard, and the absence of the Captain? I thought I would follow the trail until I should find that of the Captain. I dared not call, and I crept along, carefully avoiding breaking twigs, or making any noise that might betray me. I soon heard something rushing towards me, breaking and bearing down the bushes, and my breath grew rapid as I raised and cocked my gun, for though I had but fine shot, the bushes were so dense, that when the object became visible, the shot would be as effective as ball. I saw the two white dogs of the Captain, and their master's legs, and hailed, "Captain, what's the matter?" although my mind naturally connected what I had already discovered with the Captain's alarm. "Where are the horses?" "This way," said I, and led off in quick time in the direction where, to the best of my recollection, the animals were concealed. Having found them and mounted, "Now, then," said he, "I have old Driver and the six-shooter, let them come on." "Where are they, Captain?" He then explained, as we rode back to join our party, how he had wounded a turkey, and pursued it over the hill with his dogs in full chase, when, just as he reached the crest, he saw a large party of Indians at the foot of the opposite slope. He called in his dogs at once, and thought they must have been observed, and started to return for his horse, but taking a second thought, he returned to reconnoitre. There were fifteen in a file, and several others riding up in the line. To the best of his judgment there were nineteen, well mounted, armed with shields, bows and arrows, lances, and a few with guns; they were painted and bedevilled for war. The hill to which he referred was a long, narrow ridge, running parallel to the creek, and about fifty feet high. It commenced just above the crossing, and above the motts it turned off to the right gradually, and terminated in the high bluffs. Having returned to the thicket where the men were at work, the Captain ordered that no one should leave the spot for hunting or other purposes, but that all haste should be made to complete the loading of the team, and we rode down the creek, with the view of crossing it and the hill in rear of the savages, to inspect their trail, and to keep an observation upon them. We had gone a few hundred yards, when the report of a gun in the mott caused us to re-

turn. Beardall had fired his rifle in order to light his pipe, and the Captain was now unwilling to leave the working party until we could all leave together. We all fell to work to expedite matters, so as to get out of the way of the Indians, and permit them to go up the valley unobserved, as they seemed disposed to do. The skirts of the thicket were so dense that we could not see out, and if they designed mischief, they knew better than to attack us there. There was no doubt that they intended to escape observation, and were bound up the country.

The wagon being loaded, was driven out into the level ground, where the flag-staff had been previously dragged, and this was still to be adjusted to the load; and, as the Captain was not there to direct, much time was lost. Growing impatient, I went back to find him. He was concealed in the skirts of the further end of the mott, watching the hill over which he had seen the Indians, and where they must pass to reach us. The presence of our chief having adjusted difficulties, we were soon on our way, in the order in which we came. As the Captain was still anxious to reconnoitre, he took Beardall with us, and we proceeded in advance, leaving Denner and McCulloch to go with the team. From the tangled thickets of grape-vines, buck-eye, and other shrubs, that choked the ravine of the creek, it was difficult to find a passage across it. The long hill here came down close to the creek, and the bank was abrupt. "Here," said Beardall, "on the highest part of this hill, are those Indian graves of which I spoke." We determined, if possible, to take these in our course. The team being delayed, we waited a short time, until the Captain returned with Beardall, to aid them, if necessary, and I lost sight of them as well as the team from the inequality of the ground.

I stood still while Pompey browsed the coarse grass. The sun was about three hours high, and the eastern slopes of the hills were already in deep shadow. One feels in such a country a constant disposition to gaze even when the uniform glare of the sun on the rocks, and the distance to which one looks, make the act painful to the eyes; for the fewer objects of interest there are, the more we look for them. From the bend in the long hill, which had been the object of so much solicitude, and the small elevation of the part opposite to me, I could, from my position, get a rear view of the part where the Indians had been seen. The little valley where they were was bounded on every other side by impassable bluffs, and the conviction forced itself upon me that the savages were there for no other object than concealment. At the same moment a yell from the direction of our party drew my attention, and a scene burst upon me that nearly paralyzed my nerves. The incarnate fiends! Running to and fro with the swiftness of hell-hounds and yells of triumph over the very spot where I had just before seen my companions! I saw the teamster running for his life towards the creek, and two nearly naked and painted, mop-haired savages in close pursuit, and making two yards to his one; the white man disappeared, and I saw only the infuriated savages. I strained my eyes to see if any one had escaped from the *mélée*; but there was not one, and

my turn was next. The two savages who had run down the teamster came towards me like blood-hounds, without a sound, as though their object was not to alarm me, but to kill. I had not heard a shot fired. Had the surprise been so complete! There was no time for reflections. A warrior, mounted on a pie-bald horse, joined the runners, and I had no doubt that they would all be down upon me as soon as they could mount their horses. Turning Pompey's head towards camp, and striking him with shot-gun and spurs at the same moment, I soon put his mettle to the test, as well as my own equestrianism. He vaulted over the chaparral with the elasticity of the Spring-bok, clearing a road at a bound. It was my first lesson in the steep-chase, and I did not know but each bound would be the last. I would have dropped the gun, but it was not mine, and it served me for a whip, and might yet save my life, should the enemy close upon me; and on I went, holding on with one hand to the horn of the saddle, and the other to the gun. The deep ravine which we noticed coming up yawned an instant before me, and the next we were poised on the opposite brink; here my horse voluntarily stopped, as though he was sprung, and until then I could not look back without great risk of being thrown. I could not tell, from the inequality of the ground and the shrubs that intervened, whether the pursuit was continued. I knew that Pompey was good for them, provided we could keep together; but I feared that a party might, by following the creek out of my sight, still cut me off in my fancied security, and I gave Pompey the reins. I had yet three miles to run through the chaparral before I could strike the El Ross road that led past the camp. A herd of deer broke before me, as if they thought I was after them, and for a time held on my way, but soon fell off to the right and left, to let me pass. I discovered that my horse was running away, and paid no attention to the bridle, but would use his own discretion whether he would jump a bush or go round it, and in the effort to manage him the bridle parted in my hand; but, as he held on towards camp, I had only to hold on to him.

Once more on the road, I felt that I had a good chance of living to fight another day, and I quietly resolved that the first requisite for that purpose was a good horse. My arrival at camp, swaying in my saddle from exhaustion, and the appearance of the horse told all that I could. I reported the whole party killed, as I had no doubt they were, before I "broke" for camp. The probable death of Captain Carpenter, who was so much beloved by the whole command, created a most painful sensation. There was a hurrying of men to arms, and a party started off on foot at quick time. In the meantime, a large draft of whiskey and water, and a portion of cold turkey, which had been waiting for me, so far revived me, that I was ready, with a fresh horse, to accompany Lieuts. Reynolds and Williams; but Savier, whose horse I had, claimed the privilege of riding it himself. When they were gone, I climbed the hill in the rear of the camp, to watch their progress. It was just dusk when I saw the Captain, to my great surprise as well as delight, slowly riding in, and I ran down

to meet him. He supported a bloody hand, his horse was bleeding from an artery in the foreleg cut, and his dogs, at his horse's heels, were of a crimson color from head to foot. The sight was sanguinary indeed. McCulloch followed on foot, limping with an arrow-wound in the foot.

"Is it possible, Captain, that you have escaped?" He held out his hand to me, and asked if he was badly hurt. I examined the wound, and assured him that he was not. "The rascals were determined to have old Driver," said he; "but I was determined they should not, while I could defend him." At the camp I proposed to dress the Captain's wound, but he told me to save Driver if I could. An arrow had transfixed his leg and severed an artery, and his life was fast ebbing from the wound. A compress and bandage arrested the blood, and he was led down to the corral, with instructions to the Orderly to give him all the water he would drink. While I was dressing the Captain's hand, through which an arrow had passed, he told me the particulars of the attack.

At the moment in which he reached the team, which had stopped to adjust the loading, he saw the Indians issuing from the wood directly on our tracks, and approaching to within two hundred yards, open to the right and left, to encircle the little band. Their intention was to *stampede* the party, according to their custom, run down the fugitives, and take their scalps and horses. But they had an extraordinary man to deal with. Captain C. immediately dismounted, as did Dennen and Beardall, and gave orders not to fire, until the savages should approach so near as to make a sure thing of each shot. Several rifle-shots were fired by the Indians at too long range to do any execution, but by which they hoped to draw the fire of our men, when they would have charged in upon them, and despatched them before they could reload. Disappointed in this, they withdrew a short distance, when our men started on with the mule team, but the Indians, having secured their animals, now returned to the attack on foot. The teamster, being unarmed, acted on the advice of Beardall, and abandoned his team, and fled for safety to the creek, unconsciously followed by the two savages, who I supposed had killed him. The position of the Captain was in the grass, which skirted the creek a few rods wide; beyond this the ground rose somewhat, and was covered with the thin, scattered bushes of which I have already spoken.

The Indians approached under cover of the bushes, rising to let fly an arrow, and immediately hiding again, before a sight could be drawn upon them, and all the while they were in sight, jumping about in the most sprawling and ungraceful attitudes, at the same time yelling, to frighten the men from their steadiness of aim. Our men dodged the arrows successfully, until the Indians approached within fifty yards, when they began to return the fire.

Dennen and Beardall were musicians to Company K, and from boyhood had served in the army on the frontiers, were expert hunters, and cool as if it were only deer that they had to shoot. Beardall felt the brush of an arrow, and saw the Indian who shot it, and disregarding all others, he held his rifle to the spot where he saw him disap-

pear, behind a bush, until he rose again, when he fired, and the savage fell without sending his arrow. There seemed to be two Indians who were decorated with whistles, and which they used to stimulate their men to the attack, and they singled out the Captain as particularly worthy of their regard. One of them was a huge-framed fellow, whose vermilion-colored face bore more malignity than he had ever seen expressed in a human countenance. They advanced upon him at right angles, launching their arrows from behind their circular shields. The Captain held his horse and shot-gun by the left hand, and in his right his six-shooter, pointing the latter at the chiefs alternately. He had already fired three shots, and his antagonists had advanced to twelve paces from him. One arrow had struck his horse, which was rearing and plunging, one severed the strap at his shoulder, which held his shot-belt, another transfixed his boot from behind, passing between the sock and his leg; this he drew out with his other foot; a fourth pierced his heavily-quilted hunting-coat, and passed through, and a fifth struck his hand in which he held his gun, by which the force of the arrow was arrested from passing into his vitals. It was a critical moment for him. He had abandoned all hope of saving his own life, and became intent only on selling it dearly. If his next shot failed he was lost; he levelled his pistol upon the fierce chief in front of him, who stooped, the more perfectly to protect his body with his shield, when, by a quick movement of the pistol, he brought it to cover the other chief, who was closing upon him with his spear, and struck him full in the chest before he could raise his shield. Then, dropping his pistol, he was about to try the effect of the shot in his gun upon the shield of the other chief, but he was already stretched out dead, in all his ferocity and paint. A cartridge from Dennen's gun laid him low, just at the moment that he was about to spring upon the Captain. It was the work of a moment; and all was as hushed about them as a calm after a storm. The whistle no longer sounded to the charge, and our men stood ready to meet another attack; but, save the gurgling breath of the dying chiefs, not an indication was given of their being in the vicinity.

The mule-team, during the fight, had strayed off, grazing, amongst the bushes, to the distance of several hundred yards, when an Indian rose from his concealment and led them off up the valley; and the Captain felt himself in no condition to make an effort for their recovery. Beardall's horse, which he had hitched to the wagon, in order that he might drive the team, after the flight of the teamster, fell also into their hands. From the concealment afforded by the bushes, it was impossible to tell the extent of their loss, and reinforcements did not arrive on the ground until an hour after the Captain left it, and the Indians had carried off their dead and wounded, according to their custom. They knew that I had escaped to camp, and that reinforcements would soon be at hand, and they lost no time in getting away. Lieutenant Reynolds found one of the mules still hitched to the wagon, and an arrow sticking in his side, but he was not seriously injured by it. Pieces of harness were scat-

tered along the trail. A small bear-skin, wet with blood, and several articles of Indian wearing-apparel, and arrows, were strewn about the ground where the conflict took place.

These Indians were a band of Apaches, and, as we learned by following their trail afterward, they had observed us in the morning as we passed up the creek, from their concealment in one of the cañons near the north fort; and they descended and crossed the valley, keeping themselves concealed in the bottom of the ravine, from which, seated on their horses, they could just observe our movements; and when we entered the mott, they crossed the creek and passed along under the hill to where they were seen by the Captain at noon. There they waited until our full number had left the grove and were on open ground, where there was no chance of escape. Their dispositions were well made, and the whole plan of attack showed great sagacity, and would have been successful in cutting off every man in the party, were it not that they wanted victory too cheap. They are not satisfied to get victory, unless it can be had for nothing. But, the fact is, that, in a great majority of cases, they would have been left in possession of the field under the circumstances. Two days after this affair, a train of wagons, bound to Fort Davis, which, had left our camp but a few days before, was surprised by a large party of Indians, and every animal was carried off, amounting to sixty-six, in broad daylight—the men not firing a shot in their defence. This was my first sight of an Indian in Texas, although I had had such convincing evidence that they had more than one of me. I shall be glad to know that it will be the last. I had rather die by wild beasts, than by the hands of beings who possess all the ferocity of the wildest beasts, added to the cunning and cruelty of man.

I had promised to my friend Dr. Nott, of Mobile, a skull of this tribe, if I could get it; but I think I would prefer to send him mine, while it is at my disposal, than to pursue such ethnological inquiries at such risks.

The next morning two parties were sent out, under Lieutenants Reynolds and Williams, one to the crossing of the Pecos, and the other to follow the trail. But the parties being on foot, and a drizzling rain having fallen during the night, making the walking very laborious, the pursuit was abandoned. This was the first rain that I had seen in two months; during all that time the sky has been almost, if not quite cloudless. A northerly wind has occasionally broken the monotony of fine weather, and rattled our tent-ropes and stiffened the locusts that came in myriads with the first north wind, and made another blanket comfortable at night. In a few days I shall be again upon the road to leave a dreary country and a pleasant camp, where I have experienced many kindnesses and cordial greetings, that one will look for in a band among the crowded "tents of Israel."

J. D. B. S.

WILKIE complained that his lady-sitters seldom rose with praises on their lips at the versions which he made of their beauty, and used to observe, with a smile, that Laurence excelled all by studying to please in the wide dominions of flattery.—*Life of Wilkie.*

EXTRACTS
FROM THE
DIARY OF AN ARTIST.

By Jack Cupper.

PREFACE.

HAVING weeded the Diary of the reminiscences with which it was somewhat overgrown, it is presented with such curtailment as seems warranted by the object of its editor, viz.: the putting before the public all those experiences which influence the artist's life. A conviction is gaining ground that to improve Art something further is needed than the literal evoking of skill in the artist. If a jest's prosperity lie in the ear of him that hears it, Art's prosperity no less lies in the eye of him that sees it; and the current opinion, that artist and poet are no good judges of their own works, may, at least, bear a twofold interpretation. If anything great and new is to be done in Art, the people must meet the artist halfway; must labor to understand something new, while he is laboring to produce it. And, further, of current opinions, be it stated that a very general one is, "that Art must please—must captivate at all hazards." No doubt, in its ultimate working, Art does, or ought to, make us happier; but this is the function of Religion, also, which hardly caresses or captivates the senses. If Art is the sole *sweet*, without its antecedent *bitter*, it is an exception from the Christian rule.

Again, could we hear artist and poet talking of "painting for the million," "and letting down their harp-strings," we should scarcely be flattered by their *foreseen* triumph? Let us look into the life of the artist; learn how we sway and move him, discern what is *his* and what *ours*, and take his gifts accordingly, lest we laud our physician for a sweet dose—a dose that makes us ill after all.

J. T.

CHAPTER I.

BRIGHTON, Dec. 10th, 1840. Thursday.

ADMITTED to-day a student of the Royal Academy.

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January 1st, 1841. Friday.—Waited the arrival of my father by the London coach, and learned the above fact. I affix it to its *proper date*, which, with those from the middle of October to the present time, stands without memoranda—"Pater, peccavi coram te." Resolved, on my arrival here, to take counsel (at the eleventh hour), and "keep a Diary." Got a book, and (knowing my antecedents) ruled and planned out for seventy days, to bring me to the present time clear; dated them all in advance; did what man could do, and—failed. Shall I ever succeed? The thing may happen again. I had no other paper to write on: the integrity of the book was spoiled, with that poem in it. I might, it is true, have filled up the remaining dates, and commenced with the beginning of my studentship; but I did not know I was a student at the time, and could have said nothing about it. So it is better as it is, I think, to begin with the New Year—first scratching out that poem, however—insanely bad! There let it stand as a warning—in mourning, every sheet of it: a respectable preface, by Jove! Think there's no more to say: no Art going on: weather midding: saw a large Conger to-day; nothing else.

January 2d. Saturday.—Out of nature! Absurd representing the day in black; and

it's all white—frost. Must tear out this horrible poem! No, I won't. Galt comes to-night, and he shall confess me for it. Suppose any one should make it out, and publish it? Come, there's tribulation to bear that. I curse him, however, who does it. May he—keep a diary. I wonder if Galt keeps one.—(Omitted last night that I finished "Sherlock's Trial of the Witnesses.")—My Asterias dead this morning, and I began to dissect him; got out the cœca primely:—Galt must finish it.

January 3d. Sunday.—Galt came this morning, and sleeps here to-night. He is now interrupting me, and smoking; but I *will* do my duty; my father is delighted, and refreshed my memory last night, about "reminiscences—if I could manage them." He knows not that they fill the interval from the 10th December, 1840, and that I sat up half Friday night for them. I rather like the work, and shall continue it. I must get rid of this Galt for an hour.

Now, I can get on whilst he's at his starfish. Here goes for a memorable entry! A hurricane this morning at seven—hail, and rain, and wind. Galt ran through it from his hotel: serve him right—he should have slept here. Then it cleared, and I went with the old boy to the downs: he, surprised at my walking, says I shall sit to myself for a Hercules yet. We got round to the beach, coming home, and actually took a bathe—very fresh! Impossible to gloom with this fellow—he makes me sore with laughing. I began to change my opinion about 'propriety,' in Art, poetry, &c., for if this man's speeches were dramatized, *as they are*, I think they would be worthy of a tragedy. The Misses Ulson, who are sentimental, say he has not a particle of poetry about him; whereas he says more deep, cordial things in one evening than they could understand in a month. "Yes," they say, "but he spoils it all." Spoils it!—as I spoilt my religion for them by saying St. Paul was a gentleman. If I could take his portrait, with his words *visible*, it would be a work of "High Art." 'Tis clear we don't know how to paint, or portraiture would not be dishonorable. Sir Joshua was ashamed of his vocation, and stretched himself to do something ideal now and then, just for the sake of appearances, I guess; for he must have known that there was more poetry in one of his portraits than in all his 'Dido—dumbs.' Surely it must freeze again. The Academy opens to-morrow, and I must go to town with Galt: no use trying to stay him—he'll be *dressing* on Tuesday or, perhaps, to-morrow night. My mother I hope may stay. She seems happy here—how, I can't conceive: suppose there must be some poetry on the Chain-pier in the market, and the Marine Parade. Galt makes me feel abject, for he amuses her more than I do. I should have spent more time with her if these Ulsons had not been here—they are bores. What do they want? If they're after Galt, they mistake. Here comes Galt. Now, no more diary to-night?

"My dear fellow, rather than see you jotting so forlornly, I am down on your conditions, and undertake to finish your day for you (to both of our satisfactions, writing, talking, and smoking all at once), though I know not a word you have written. Let me remove the tегmentary paper, and I'd get out the 'parts' you want,